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## UNPUBLISHED REMAINS OF EDMUND BURKE.

It has long been a matter of regret to the literary world, that so little is known about the early life of Edmund Burke; that whilst his later years (from the time of his entrance upon the arena of English politics,) have afforded abundance of matter to the historian, the preceding period passed, in Ireland, has been suffered to glide by, without any certain or authentic record. Amongst the causes to be assigned for the want of early notices of our illustrious countryman, may be enumerated the neglect generally exhibited towards men of eminence in Ireland; Mr. Burke's own characteristic modesty too, and his unwillingness to obtrude himself upon the public attention, must have tended to the same result, and we find from his excellent biographer, Mr. Prior, that his character, as delineated by his bosom friend and old schoolfellow Richard Shackleton, inclined him rather to seek information from others, than to communicate what he knew. But from what cause soever it proceeds, the fact is certain, that little—very little is known of that interesting period which commenced and terminated with his college career: a few scanty remarks of contemporaries, and some meagre extracts from comparatively juvenile productions, are all of that most interesting period that remain, a melancholy sterility in the history of one who was so recently the living wonder of politicians, both practical and speculative—the admiration of contemporary wits—the mirror of statesmen, and the glory of his country. “Very little is known” (says Mr. Prior,) “of his early years, except his being of a delicate constitution, tending as was believed to consumption. The most troublesome symptom of the complaint was a pain in the side, which disabled him from taking the same degree of boyish exercise as his brothers; and when they were at play, he was commonly seen reclining on a sofa, perusing a book.” In another place: “There is less known of him than of other public men of the time, even those who had not half his reputation; some particulars in fact are still unknown, even to his most intimate acquaintance, and are likely to continue so.”

Although, from an unforeseen occurrence, it is impossible just now to produce *much* valuable and unpublished matter, which would decidedly throw considerable light upon the desired period, and which is believed still to exist, yet the addition of even a small portion of information to that already before the public, must naturally be attended (in a literary metropolis, and at a time when people are fully sensible of his real value, and the causes of political and personal asperity have ceased,) with sufficient interest to render any apology for its production superfluous. The letters, which form the groundwork of the present memoir, have been long in the possession of the family of the writer, whose maternal great grandfather was Burke's schoolfellow at Ballitore, his chum at college, and whose good fortune it was to retain, through life, the friendship which early association and similarity of pursuits had generated. A long and extremely interesting correspondence was carried on between the class fellows—embracing all topics of interest agitated during Burke's political career, containing some specimens of his poetical powers, (though their existence has been doubted,) and delineating men and manners with a practised and a master hand. This collection has suddenly disappeared, but it is hoped may be yet recovered, in which case the world shall have an

opportunity of deciding upon its merits, through the medium of publication. The following letter to Mr. Shackleton, was written on the 28th of May 1747, jointly by Mr. Burke and Mr. Dennis, the former omitting the date, (as frequently occurred,) which the latter supplied. Burke and Dennis were at this time resident in college, in the same rooms, and frequently, as will appear, addressed to and received from Richard Shackleton, joint letters. It will be perceived to contain an account of the proceedings of a literary club, to which both belonged, and of which Burke was then president, and Dennis censor. The Rev. Mr. Todd in his life of Milton (p. 155.) says,—“I learn from Mr. Walker, (of Dublin) that this great orator (Burke) was a distinguished member of a literary club instituted in Dublin in 1747, in which he sometimes held the secretary's pen, and sometimes filled the president's chair.” The fact is verified under Burke's hand in the first part of the letter which follows:—

28th May, 1747.

SCENE I.—*Burke, Dennis—The Club-room—Dennis goes away about some business. Manet Burke solus.*

As the committee appointed for the trial of Dennis, has just now broke up, without doing any thing for want of members sufficient, I have time enough on my hands to write what you desire—an account of the proceedings of our society since your departure, in which you have been a perfect prophet, for Mohun was formally expelled last lustrum by the Censor, Mr. Dennis. After an examination of his conduct from the first formation of the society, it was found exceeding bad, without one virtue to redeem it, for which he suffered the above sentence; he was tried sometime before, (Burke, Pres.) for his bad behaviour, but behaved still worse at trial, which brought fresh punishments on him, and at length, expulsion. This is not the only revolution in our Club. Mr. Buck's conduct much altered for the worse: we seldom see him, for which he has not been spared; Dennis, Hamilton and your humble—ha! ha! attend constantly, Cardegoif, as we expected, middling: you all this while are uneasy to know the cause of Dennis's accusation; it is no less than an attempt to overturn this Society, by an insolent behaviour to the President and Society. I am the accuser, and when you know that, you will tremble for him. I must congratulate you likewise on the Censor's minor thanks which you received with a declaration, that had you entered earlier into the Society, you had been entitled to the grand thanks. The Censor gave himself the grand thanks, and the same to me. We had during your absence the following debates very well handled, on the Stadholder—Burke, an oration, lenity to the rebels, a debate; Dennis for—Burke against—Prince of Orange to harangue his troops—Dennis. The sailors in a ship turning pirates—Dennis for: Burke and Hamilton against. Catiline to the Allobroges—Dennis. General Huske for engaging at Falkirk—Burke: Hawley against Dennis. Brutus the first, to the Romans—Burke: Hamilton is now President, and a very good one. You use me oddly in your letter; you accuse me of laziness and what not, (though I am likely to fill most of this,) I did not expect this from your friendship, that you should think I would in your absence refuse you my company for a few lines, when I attended you in town for many a mile. You behave to me just after the manner that a vile prologue I've read desires the audience to use the actors—“but if you damn, be it discreetly done: flatter us here, and damn us when you're gone.” (You see I have not lost my faculty of quoting Grubstreet,) just so, when here you blarney me: in the country you abuse me; but that shall not hinder me from writing on, for (to shew you my latin,) “tenet insanabile multos scribendi cacoethes:” come we now to Shar—the beginning is dark indeed, but not quite void of connection, “for whose good effects,” &c. connects with the first line; all the rest is, properly, between parenthesis. Phaeton sells well still; tell me exactly what is said concerning his appearance in print in the country. Miss Cotter is quite charmed with your writings, and more of them would not be disagreeable to them. I have myself almost finished a piece—an odd one; but you shall not see it until it comes out, if ever: write the rest Pantagruel, for I can stay no longer; past nine. I am now returned, and no Pantagruel. Your oration on

Poverty is, I think, very good, and has in some parts very handsome touches; you shall have the Club's opinion next time, which was deferred till we should have a full house. I received your novel, and will read it and peruse it carefully.

Dublin, May the 28th, 1747.

DEAR RICHARD—You may be surprised to see the date in the middle of a letter, but I have heard your resentment at letters not being dated, and I must tell you, tho' I don't read news, or consult proposals for Grubean works, yet I know the day of the month as well as Burke who does both, yet does not give an account of it. Now I have gott so far upon that important matter of time, (for we chronologists are very careful of it,) I'll come to business; and first I have prosecuted Mohun (while a private member,) with the utmost vigour, and when censor expell'd him; and now for my good services, I am threatened with expulsion by Burke, who is a terrible fellow, and is very active (at getting me punish'd,) in the Club, though I have hitherto shewn myself a good member, I'm now accused of a design of destroying the Club, (thus modern patriots urge every thing an introduction to popery and slavery, which they don't like,) when, alas! no one has a greater desire to preserve it; nay, so strong is it, that tho' I find in myself a strong desire to keep the chair when I gett it, yet my regard for four or five members quells it. The approbation I met with in the character of Cato has made me so much the more a stickler for liberty, that not bearing any encroachment on it in our assembly I am deemed a criminal; and what's worse, my accuser a violent one and my judge the person whom I've injured; you see the justice.

Friday morning, May 29th.

Burke is now writing the proceedings of the assembly, and just saying he'll pass over part of the Debates because he is tired, you find he is semper eadem, as lazy as you imagin'd, tho' I must do him the justice to say he design'd writing last night, what prevented it heretofore was our expectation of your first challenge, and likewise Ned thought it preposterous to be threshing his brains for you when he is writing for the public: pray laugh heartily now lest you should split when you see the subject he has chosen and the manner he has treated it; but I will not anticipate your pleasure by acquainting you any more. I wonder Ned did not acquaint you with several important affairs which have happened in town, but I'll supply his place. Jupiter perceiving the days dedicated to him had passed equally disregarded with those of the other gods was resolved to make it now more remarkable, for lo! a sudden fury seiz'd the Trinitarians and with impetuous haste they poured through all the streets in hopes to free a wight, by Catchpole's powerful hand to durance hard conveyed, Sol fearfull of their swift approach, now . . . was hasting to unyoke his steeds—sure most just it is to call him god of wisdom—for had he stayed what might he not expect from those blades who with victorious arms had now o'erthrown the Myrmidons of Dublin's mighty Lord. Now see the chance of war, the wight who erst in triumph led the hapless victim to the prison vile, now fell himself a prey to those whose Fury heretofore he'd brav'd, who with Ire as great as when Achilles caught old Priam's murdering son and with relentless fury ty'd him to his chariot, so they with fury equal, and no less relenting forced the wretched captive to their own dominions, there spoiled him of his armour and with force as when the great Hercules the fierce Antæus from the ground uprear'd, then plunged him in the horrid gulph for Catchpoles vile prepar'd, where no kind nymph or Dolphin huge him bearing might relieve. Thus plunged in water and in grief long time he lay. At last his arms uplifting, he implores their kind relief, which they in brief afford and save the wretched captive from his fate—but naked led him midst the admiring crowd to the great building where the vary'd race of Merchants, Catchpoles, Aldermen and Duns, whores, thieves and judge, fill up the noisy choir. Thus with many a shout victorious march'd the glorious youth, 'till the dunn night now warn'd them to retreat.

The remainder you must take in plain prose. The mob attempting to force the Black dog, the gaoler fired, killed two and wounded others. Five scholars were expelled for the riot and five more admonished, so ended an affair which made great noise in the city. Another man was killed since a-fighting. Thus a former Thursday was remarkable, and yesterday was signalized by the receipt of your letter and paper, which I like much but wish you had wrote in quarto, pray write the other so

and send it speedily. Brennan is well and so is Garret, who gives his service to you. Ned desires me to tell you the caps he will send by the next opportunity. Excuse the shortness of this, but I shall be more prolix in my next, till when believe me your sincere friend and humble servant,

WILLIAM DENNIS or Cato the unfortunate.

Ned gott your letter first and keeps it to join with those he has of yours; he insists I have no right to it though it was directed to me; pray settle that point in your next.—Adieu,

SI VALES VALEO.

Your old friend\* Garrett desires to be remembered to Blarney.

The Hamilton mentioned in the above letter, is believed to be single-speech Hamilton, of whose eloquence Burke elsewhere speaks with great admiration, designating him the '*sun of oratory arising*,' &c.

The club was composed chiefly of men who *really* loved literature, and who in after life rendered themselves illustrious by their attachment to its pursuits. Many of them rose to important and exalted stations in the state; and not a few through the interest of Edmund, whose early friendship never suffered diminution, through a long and laborious life of political exertion, and generally harassing and unsuccessful opposition. The feelings of his heart may be best appreciated by a perusal of his letters, many of which contain testimonials of affectionate regard and solicitude for the interests of those early friends, which are quite unusual in those whose life has been so exclusively devoted to the promotion of political purposes.

The second letter is dated 21st November, 1747.

Nov. 21st, 1747.

My dear Friend—You should have received a letter from me before, but I could not settle myself so soon after your departure to write, for after a personal conversation it seems confined and awkward, and beside that at best I do not take very great delight in writing to my best friends: that you will say you have experienced, but not only you but Dennis, he wrote me while I was in the County Corke four letters to which he received no answer, 'tis with shame I own this, yet no one likes the personal conversation of his friend more than I, however nothing is more blameable than such a conduct. I put it in this black light that you may avoid falling into the same error, and chuse to make myself an example to deter you rather than you should want one, you see I do but chit chat and that the stile answers the sentiment, the corruption of the latter giving the former the gout; the disuse of writing, having but little to say and not caring how I say that little, must needs make this tho' too long deferr'd, not agreeable at last. I was going to say parturiunt montes but I will avoid sticking you with any thing uncommon and choose to be without a quotation rather than give you so new a one. When a man has nothing to say it is good for him to tell it, for by that means he has one sentence out. This is just my case. I fill my letter by telling you I cannot, but dont think my friend that this proceeds from any want of affection for you—but that I am at present, as an author of this age expresses it, in a kind of thoughtful thoughtlessness—and if your friendship could bear with my conversation in such a humour I hope you will shew an equal favour to my letters. How does the country agree with you? do you ever think of us? when we never forget you. If we could be as united in place as we are in mind we should be happy—but this world, an enemy to every thing good, keeps us asunder. Does Apollo visit your shades? I believe he might be tempted to take up his abode in the valley of Ballitore in exchange for the Hill of Parnassus, did not the fiery face of Rufus, who in confidence of that sets up for another Apollo, deter him, but we wont be frighted or shamed so. We can see through him and find him to be no other than a Midas tho' he has made

\* Eldest brother of Edmund Burke, who predeceased him.

a shift to gild his ears, which nothing but what is gilded also with a little . . . can tickle. This same Apollo has been chased from hence by a parcel of Midases and is given out on change as a Bankrupt so that his goods are selling by auction—Brennan one of the Trustees is endeavouring to put off one of his letters, but as he departed with the reputation of a bankrupt, his goods are cried down here as worthless and unfashionable, you heard doubtless that when this same piece of goods was offered to a Trader he refused even giving it a place in his warehouse without payment. At last we have found one James a Bookseller (for I can carry on the allegory no longer) to print it, but he clogs it with this difficulty that we must take off 60 of the copies to lighten the burthen. I fancy you will be able to dispose of some, will you and how many think you? it will make . . . if this takes and the printer be willing . . . follow Catius &c. Egad we'll cram the press till it spews out again. I did not see the bearer of your letters or you should have had the books. Write me all the orders that you gave me in Town and I shall carefully execute them or any others you can have for your very sincere friend

EDM. BURKE.

Brenan\* gives his &c. to you.

Every one who reads the English language, and is capable of appreciating what is valuable in it, must unite in regretting the suppression of that series of letters, which is here impliedly confessed to have passed between Burke and Richard Shackleton. Prior informs us, *family* reasons prevented his having access to them; this might be a fair reason for the suppression of certain family allusions, or even for a refusal to permit their publication during the lives of the parties interested; but no sufficient cause appears, why the series of which these few letters form an inconsiderable part, should be withheld from the public, particularly as it is evident from Shackleton's letters to Burke in reply, (at least two hundred of which are in the possession of the writer of this notice,) that the contents are similar to those now for the first time made public; containing in scarcely a single instance any allusion to matters unconnected with public men, who are allowed to be public property; but replete with the soundest maxims of political economy, and knowledge of the world, quite surprising in one so young and apparently inexperienced. This is also collected from fragments of the same and similar correspondences which are also in the present writer's hands. In reference to this correspondence, Mr. Prior says,—“But his chief favourite and friend, was Richard Shackleton, the only son of his master, and his successor in the school, with whom a lively epistolary correspondence was kept up during the remainder of his life.”

Elsewhere he adds—“In the family of this gentleman (Mr. Shackleton) are preserved a series of his letters, at least a considerable number of them, commencing at the age of fifteen, down to within two months of his death; and the earliest said to be distinguished by as strong a love of virtue, affection for his friend, and superior capacity for observation, as the last. To these the writer from some *family objection*, has not been permitted to have access; but the same friend to whom Mr. S. communicated the substance of them, as well as the specimens of young Burke's poetical powers, has favoured him with some of the circumstances to which they refer.”

The third letter is as follows:—

Dublin, August 22nd, 1747, Saturday, 3 o'clock.

DEAR DIC—I received yours of the 19th, but had not yet the opportunity of seeing your cousin, he being abroad when I enquired for him; but I will shortly wait

\* Beaumont Brennan, who was one of the literary club, and many of whose letters, filled with poetry, remain in the present writer's possession.

on him again. I am sorry it is not in my power to send you the Aristotle, as I know no one who has it, but to make some little amends for the want of it, I will every week send you a chapter of it, which I will abridge in English. This will in part answer your desires, and at the same time, give me a knowledge of the author, better than I should have from a bare reading. For Chaucer which you want, I can't send that, as I neither have nor know where to get it. You were guilty of a mistake in your last, about the beginning middle and end, and seem not to have understood me on that point, which I will now explain more fully to you. A tragedy as well as an epic-poem should have some great action for its subject, and this is called the fable; and this fable must be single and entire;—single, for the fable should be but one—entire, for it must be a whole, i. e. have a beginning, middle and end. The beginning is what requires nothing before it, but necessarily requires something after it. The end is what must have something before it, but requires nothing after it. The middle is what requires something both before and after. From these definitions each of the parts may be known. Now a fable being found which is one whole, we must look for the beginning and from thence go thro' the other parts to the end. Hence every fable must have a beginning; and this rule is invariable, that it must open with that beginning and not with the middle; nor is this different from Horace, who praises Homer for not opening with the Greeks setting down before Troy, but taking the middle of the story, or opening in the 10th year; for this very opening was the beginning of his fable, which was the anger of Achilles, and its dreadful effects, now had he begun with the first year of the siege, there would have been more actions than one, whereby the simplicity of the fable would have been destroyed; therefore he chose the beginning of the action he was to celebrate, and from this admirable contrivance Aristotle formed his rules, which Milton has likewise followed, who tho' he did not open with Satan's rebellion, (which would make two actions,) the first in chronological order, yet chose what was properly the beginning of his fable. Now for the application of these rules to what I said of Othello. When Addison says the œconomy is not good, he does not mean it should open with the middle but the beginning, which I said that Shakespeare had not done, for the first act is a different action to the one propos'd, (which was the Jealousy of Othello and its effects) and which begins in the second act, this neglect of Shakspeare's led him into the two great breaches of unity in time and place, which might have been prevented had he omitted the marriage, for example see his Hamlet whose action I think, is the most simple of any play he wrote, here he does not begin with the murder of Hamlet's Father, but the appearance of his Ghost which was to stir up his son to revenge that murder, &c. I hope by this you understand what I meant in my last. Excuse my being so tedious on this head, which was occasioned by my desire of seeing what I could say on it, as well as to convince you, which if I have not done the defect is in my judgment, not in my inclination, or what I undertook.—Ned has not been well to-day and the old pain in his hip which you might have heard him complain of has been very uneasy to him all day. This sickness and the desire of seeing the city I mentioned in my last, put him on going a Pilgrimage to the Lady of Loretto, but I believe the dread of being unable to walk with the pain in his hip, has made him reject that notion, till he grows better and has learned French so as to be able to discourse with the people of France during his journey. I have read over my letter, and begin to dislike it for being too grave, nor do I know how to help it, being in a very serious mood (pray what is the meaning of "you can take nothing apropos I believe out of my collection." Burke fancies it alludes to a letter of his about the Epistolary stile, explain it to me) you need not answer what is between the parenthesis, and likewise tell me what faults you see in my stile, I fear it is too stiff, did Burke mention any thing of it, in the letter I mentioned? I should be glad to know your Judgment that I may endeavour at amending it,—Garrett is very well and desires to be remembered, Mr. Parker last night drank your health, all other friends are well and give their service to you.

Yours,

WM. DENNIS.

DR SHACKLETON—I am better and will write to you tho' after a solid piece of criticism as the above is I should not intrude my trifling line, but the most light if not the most relishing things are good after a solid feast; if not wine, water, if not fruit, sallad and herbs: you may perhaps too blame me for not writing to you by my-

self, I say you must not expect always a Letter from each, you bundle us together when you write and it is but justice we should answer you in that manner, however if you mend and write to us separately I may be induced to do so, but not otherwise but I see ——— point as to your question concerning Sophocles, I believe you may read him in the Latin, all the beauties of the contrivances and thought are in it, but of the expression I must confess myself no proper judge tho' doubtless his inferior. Concerning what Dennis mentions of the paragraph in your letter you need not trouble yourself, we understand it of the poem of which I like some much better than ever I did. The order they stand in my esteem is thus, pardon if not right, Phaeton, Strangman, I know not which to prefer but I totter to Phaeton, Friendship to Herbert when first souls tremble. Blackwater, friendship forgotten, the Beau, to me and Epistle, the Dream, the acrostic (not the religious): I don't like the Phedris nor the rest much; I was at Cotter's this evening, Sally Cotter would adore you were you not a \* . . . . but she admires your talents and admires you are so, this caused a controversy between her and Dennis which ended like all other religious disputes; farewell and may no such storm fall on us. These words are from Denham whom read if you have, if not I shall endeavour to send it. Yours for ever,

EDMD. BURKE.

The exalted compliment he pays his friend in the following letter, in the comparison to Anacreon, is worthy of particular remark, as it proves (in conjunction with the remaining part of the critique,) his intimate acquaintance with the principles and practice of poetry, which has been denied by many of his contemporaries, who have broadly asserted his incapacity to write or appreciate poetry. His biographer before mentioned states, that "a spirit of emulation with his friend Shackleton, and natural taste together, made young Burke towards the close of his school career, if not a poet at least poetical, though few, if any, of his verses of this date are known to exist." The many poetical epistles of his friends, which he ever after warmly encouraged, would imply a continued love for the muse, to whom he has been thus unceremoniously declared a stranger.

To Mr. Richd. Shackleton in  
Ballitore per Kilkullen.

Cotter's Shop, Feb. 2d, 1748.

DR. SHACKLETON.—I should have run out the penalty had I delayed any longer to write to you, but by being so long silent I have contracted such a barrenness that I have little to say. Correspondence is to me what a flow is to water, while it runs it is clear and plentiful but whenever it is stopp'd it stagnates and stinks—I doubt whether I should have wrote now as not yet being at perfect leisure (by means of the Reformer &c.) had not you in a manner forced me by your many expressions of kindness in your letter and the poem on your Mistresses which it was impossible for me to read and forbear telling you how much I am obliged to you for such an excellent entertainment, I confess tho' I had an excellent opinion (founded on experience) of my friend's capacity, I could not believe so much of it, we shall call you the Anacreon of our Society, as you have all his ease and perhaps a strength of thought superior, particularly I like the comparison of the ladies to the shade and house, 'tis highly poetical and with all the warmth of Eastern poetry has a French bienséance and exactness. I shall more in another letter. We have nothing to complain of the sale of the Reformer, few things have sold better, but we will be soon able to judge whether it was not the novelty that sold it by the reception the Town gives our next, we talk in a manner that surprises some and you see by the enclosed that the scribblers do us the honour to take notice of us. We desire nay we command you to send us some Essays on useful subjects or bare hints or whatever you please; I have no news but that Sheridan is to lose his house which we count a judgment on his arrogance and ignorance, but what's that to you? the hurry in the shop prevents me from saying more than that I ever will be one of the sincerest of your friends.

EDMD. BURKE.

I can't say when I can go to you.

\* A quaker, Mr. S. being one of the Society of Friends.



This letter was written a few days before his commencing A.B. in Trinity College, Dublin, which took place 23d February, 1747-48; and when he was only in his 18th year. The allusion to the "*Reformer*," to which he was one of the chief contributors at the time, with many remarks contained in letters of Shackleton, Dennis, Beaumont Brennan, and others, would lead us to doubt the assertion of Prior that he made no decidedly political efforts until about the period of his departure for London to keep law terms, which took place in 1750. "His first efforts as a politician," adds the highest college authority, "were made in 1749; previous to his quitting the university; in some letters against Mr. Henry Brooke, the celebrated author of the tragedy of *Gustavus Vasa*, the *Fool of Quality*, &c. &c."

It has been observed by Dr. Johnson, "that the early years of distinguished men, when minutely traced, furnish evidence of the same vigour or originality of mind, by which they are celebrated in after life." That such was the case with young Burke is to a great degree true, though contrary, perhaps, to the general belief. Richard Shackleton's opinion of his early schoolboy days, for three or four years that he remained under his father's care, immediately previous to his entrance into college, seems to have been, as he himself indeed expressed it to a friend, not that Burke was any thing of a prodigy of infant learning; but on the contrary, that he was backward in literary attainments, and he assigns his constitutional defect as in a great degree the cause; but he at the same time gave him every credit for close application and unwearied industry, added to considerable originality and strength of memory, which when afterwards brought into play, by increase of health and bodily vigour, were instrumental in exalting his name to the elevation which it attained, and where it will ever remain fixed, far beyond the power of assailants to pull down, or of competitors to reach.

Dublin, 1st July, 1830.

W. C.

#### HOME.

When those feelings are faded, those friendships are gone,  
Which warm'd the young heart of the fond happy boy;  
And those blossoms of beauty dropp'd off one by one,  
Whose blooming was rapture, whose promise was joy;  
When the heart that was nurtur'd in bliss from its birth,  
Is nipp'd by the blasts of misfortune—then come,  
For oh! if there's happiness found on this earth,  
'Tis at home, 'tis at home.

Hast thou revell'd in sin? hast thou wander'd in sorrow?  
Hast thou writh'd 'neath the torturing lash of despair;  
Doth thy heart from the future no bright presage borrow,  
No hope to enliven, and hallow it there?  
And say do'st thou seek from this coldness and dearth,  
A rest and a refuge?—then haste thee and come,  
For oh! if there's happiness found on this earth,  
'Tis at home, 'tis at home.

When Autumn hath swept where bright flowrets once smiled,  
Couldst thou thoughtless and tearless pass by that lone spot?  
Or could manhood forget the light heart of the child,  
Can its joys and its sweetness be ever forgot?  
Oh! think of in sadness, or think of in mirth  
Thy birth-place, wherever thy footsteps may roam;  
For oh! if there's happiness found on this earth,  
'Tis at home, 'tis at home.

Merion-square.

N

J. S. M.